

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mrs. Lydia Watson, wife of the late Daniel Watson, died in Epping, April 25, aged 84 years. Mrs. Watson joined the M. E. Church in this place thirty-seven years ago last November, and was baptized by the Rev. A. A. Kent, on the same day with the writer. She was well known to the preachers who travelled on this circuit in those early days, as they found a welcome home at her house, she possessed an abundance of this world's goods. Her last sickness was short and severe, but she retained her reason until near the last moments of life, and by many remarks she expressed her confidence in the Savior, and her willingness to trust her all in him. I lived many years with my aunt Watson, in early life, and have been with her the most of the time, for the last eight years. My brother, my daughter, and myself felt that we have lost one who has acted as a mother to us. Br. Taplin preached her funeral service, from Job 19: 25, 26, 27. May the Lord sanctify this to us and the church in this place. NATHL. LADD, Epping, April 29. Will the Christian Advocate please copy.

Mr. Alexander Thompson died in Cumberland, R. I., March 28, aged 77. Father Thompson was reclaimed from a backslidden state about twenty-five years ago, and soon after was able to testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Since that time he has been a living example of the power of perfect love, and consequently a pillar in the church of God. His transit was sudden and easy, and he died with a struggle or a groan. With such men, "to die is gain." H. W. HOUGHTON, East Greenwich, R. I., April 28.

ELIJAH P., son of the late Mark R. Sanders, Esq., died in Orleans, Jan. 1, aged 29 years. Br. S. was converted to God a few years since, and joined the M. E. Church, of which he lived an acceptable member until his death. In his last sickness he had his reason but little, but there is hope in his death. He lived respected, and his name is cherished with affection. This was a severe stroke to his widowed mother. May God sustain her. H. C. TILTON, April 24.

Sister POLLY HUNTER died in Montague city, April 17, in her 48th year. Sister Hunter was an exemplary Christian, ever adorning her profession with a well ordered life and godly conversation. She was also an example of great patience and resignation. Suffering to her was counted "all joy that she might win Christ, and be found in him." She has left an extensive circle of Christian friends to mourn her loss; but they realize that she shall "rise again." O may they all so live that when heart and flesh shall fail them here, they may meet her who is gone before in the mansions of bliss. Greenfield, April 19. ROBERT KELLEN.

Mrs. DOLLY FREEMAN, wife of Mr. Tully Freeman, died in Dorchester, April 13, aged 96. Sister Freeman was an acceptable member of the M. E. Church, and maintained a consistent course of life, as a disciple of the blessed Savior, and although suddenly called from her family and friends, she left the world in peace, and we trust, has joined with the redeemed family in heaven. T. W. T.

MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

REV. JOHN ROPER.

Rev. John Roper died at Chillicothe, Ohio, March 30, aged thirty-four years. Br. Roper was a member of the first graduating class in the Wesleyan University, and for several years a teacher in the Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass. In 1842 he resigned his situation in the Academy, intending to devote himself entirely to the work of the ministry. At the Conference, in Springfield, he received an appointment to Milbury station, where he labored successfully as a minister of the Lord Jesus. Before the close of the year, however, his health became so much impaired, that he did not think it prudent to take an appointment at the ensuing Conference, but, at the request of the society in Wilbraham, he officiated as their pastor for several months, when he was compelled, entirely, to desist from the public labors of the ministry. In alluding to this event, in his journal, he remarks, "Again I was obliged to relinquish the duties of a Methodist preacher, under the still stronger conviction, that I should not soon, if ever again, be able to perform them. These were days of severe trials, and rendered still more so by the efforts of my spiritual foe to disturb my peace and confidence in God. But God, who is rich in mercy, shielded me from his cruel purposes, and for the most part, I was able to cast myself upon him as my rock and sure defence."

In the autumn of 1844, he came to this place, in the hope of regaining, in a milder climate, his health, or, at least, of arresting, in some degree, the disease which seemed hurrying him to the grave. For a time, the prospect of returning health was quite encouraging, but the disease was too deeply settled to be permanently checked. It continued its work, until the wheels of life stood still, and the released spirit returned to God who gave it.

In very early life, our deceased brother was the subject of deep religious impressions. In the brief sketch of his life before alluded to, he says: "Living near the chapel, I was, from my earliest recollection, accustomed to attend the Sabbath School, and preaching twice on every Sunday. My mind seems very early to have taken a religious and contemplative turn. It yielded me much satisfaction to watch the evolutions of the clouds, as they rolled majestically along the horizon, and try to discover the appearing of the Son of Man. When about five or six years of age, I suffered an attack of fever, at which time my thoughts turned, very seriously, upon death and eternity. I saw, that should death come, I should be deprived of the happiness of this life, but I felt assured, that in such an event God would take me to himself, and hence all slavish fear was taken away, and I felt resigned to the will of my heavenly Father." At twelve years of age, he received a clear evidence of his acceptance with God, and united with the church, of which he remained a worthy member until the time of his death.

Br. Roper was a good scholar. His mind, naturally vigorous, was well disciplined, and richly stored. Some of his scientific investigations were highly interesting and important, though public. As a teacher, hundreds, and perhaps thousands of his pupils, can testify to his ability and fidelity. As a preacher, he was chiefly distinguished as a sound theologian, and sympathizing pastor.

He was a social, confiding, faithful friend. As a Christian, he served God from principle, though not without the consolations of grace.

He waited not for his feelings to prompt to a discharge of the duties of a Christian life; it was enough to know what God required; or to inspire his faith, it was enough to know what God had promised. Conscientiously he performed his duty, and with an unwavering faith he trusted in God. This led to much uniformity in his Christian experience, and great consistency of life. Rarely rising to the height of ecstatic joy, he rarely sank into the depths of desponding gloom. Never carried away with indiscriminate zeal, he shrank from no duty when it was made plain. Cheerfully he labored and suffered for God here, in hope of the rest that remaineth for God's people hereafter. His end, of course, was peace. He often spoke of his approaching dissolution, but always with perfect composure, and an humble resignation to the will of God. Indeed, at times, he anticipated his change with rapturous delight, and gave expression to his feelings in shouts of praise. For a few of the last days of his life, he was unable to speak; but the unwonted, and almost heavenly expression of his countenance, gave evidence of a glorious victory over the last enemy. Though dying far from relations, and the friends of his early days, there were those, who, by their sympathy and kind attentions, did all in their power to smooth his pathway to the tomb. His body rests on the banks of the Scioto, his soul in the paradise of God. His beloved wife and child mourn their early bereavement, but hope for a blissful reunion, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

Chillicothe, April 16. F. MERRICK.

A WHALE HUNT.
In the Shetland Islands.

There is no scene more exciting, in Shetland, than a whale hunt. When the latter word is used, the reader, most probably, will associate with it Melton Mowbray, or Onkley, or the Caledonian hunt. How contrasted to these is the scene I would endeavor to describe! In the one, are met all the paraphernalia of hounds and horns, a rich and cultivated country, dinners and balls. In the other, Shetland boats and the unstable ocean, shouts and confusion; while, instead of a brush, or a few hares, a shoal of valuable animals driven on shore, contribute, by the prodigious of their blubber, light to our dreary nights, or many comforts to the poor island fishermen. The only species of whale which is stranded on the shores of these islands, is the *Delphinus Deductor*, or Calling Whale, one of the lesser cetaceans allied to the grampus and porpoise. The calling whale, which is from eight to twenty feet long, and yields from twenty to sixty gallons of oil, is gregarious. Crowds of the species roam over the North Sea, always under the guidance of a leader, who would appear, however, to be equally fallible with many human leaders, for he often leads them far out of their proper walk. Every year, hundreds are stranded in Shetland, and also in the Faroe Islands, where, it may be remarked, they are of more service, as the Faroes do not scruple to use their flesh for food. As a general account of our whale hunts might be comparatively uninteresting, I shall here give a description of a particular one, which occurred a few years ago, and which was attended by circumstances of unusual animation. Then the scene was one of those snug land-locked bays with which the Shetland Islands abound, opening round the point of a small adjacent island into the North Sea; the time was a calm, dull winter day.

It was yet the morning twilight, when a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying near the coast, to inform him that a large shoal of whales were lying in the narrow sound leading to it. Not long did the laird indulge in slumber after this summons. In a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his hasty toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten and put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time, many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys, armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as murder. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in a little while, a host of all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bustling eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx, to which boats from neighboring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering, the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and cries, and showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord, all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, who were seen floundering in alarm until the water was like a boiling cauldron. The whales were thus slowly followed, until they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here, the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more the scattered herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated to two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that the chase terminated in the capture of a single whale, and the laird and his first lieutenant and factotum came entirely home with hawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean.

Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales into the water, as if they were agitated by a storm; the short day drew to its close, the afternoon twilight came; but though the sun's beaming had been hidden through the day, a light breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the rising of the full moon; the weary and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night; so the laird, having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would have soon found, from

the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense, the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners, thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters, of course, rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in the water, in the midst of their prey, who were dispatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and armed with a powerful family-sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arms dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood mark.

Next morning, the laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an ear and a nose, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the laird, as crown dues; another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded; while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But in this instance, I believe, the laird waived his right in favor of the captors. On the occasion I have been alluding to, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of the species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participants chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if the laird would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. I have mentioned that the flesh of the calling whale is eaten by the natives of the Faroe Islands. It is not necessary that compels them to this, for they have an abundance of other sorts of animal food—sheep, wild fowl, in profusion, and then superfluous foals, which last are said to be palatable food—but the whale's flesh is considered to be nutritious, and is much to their liking. Having heard of this custom, I resolved to taste the flesh of one of the above-mentioned whales. A young one was selected, from which some steaks were cut, and, with other necessary condiments, broiled. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than our delicate Shetland beef, indeed, but with no peculiar flavor or odor to distinguish it from ox flesh, or betray its origin. Prejudice was found the only drawback; for several persons—men, women, and children—partook of it with relish, who did not know it to be other than beef—yet no sooner were most of them informed of what their repast consisted, than no persuasion could induce them to finish what remained; so much are we the creatures of early prejudice and prepossession. It is not more than fifty years since the flesh of the seal was eagerly eaten by the Shetlanders, as still is by the Faroes and Greenlanders. I have tasted it, too, and found it much the same, but still more delicate than the whale's. Could the prejudice against whale's flesh be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else sink in the sea, while the natives of Faroe never suffer famine as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of death from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant of fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

RESPECT DUE TO PARENTS.

Not only the young are apt to forget the respect due to parents, but oftentimes we see children of older growth forgetting those who have reared them from infancy, and by their waywardness causing their parents to shed tears, when it should be their duty to give them reason for smiles. There is no sight which is so revolting to an upright man, as to see youth disrespecting their fathers, but when we find a man, arrived at the years of discretion, neglecting his silver-haired parents, and treating them with contempt, no word is so forcible enough to express the feelings which naturally arise in every honest breast. The very idea that the babe, whose care has cost them so many sleepless nights, and so much anxious care, should, in later years, prove a curse, instead of a blessing, and repay its parents for all their love, by unthankfulness, makes one almost wish that the parent's malediction might be upon him. Yet how often do we see cases in which the child forgets the respect due to his mother, and is regardless of his father's wishes! Children, learn in early age to respect your parents, and obey them in all things. Struggle not against their authority, but by yielding while young, you will derive honor when old, and never forget the commandment which says, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee."

CANNOT WE DO SOMETHING?

A missionary in Africa had established a school for colored children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Savior. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ; and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France, which sent missionaries to those poor pagans. The little colored children then said, "And cannot we do something also?" "Reflect upon it," replied the missionary, "and when you have found out some way of contributing to this good work, you may come and tell me." Those poor children racked their brains to discover how they could obtain something to give, for they must know that they have no parents or friends who are rich enough to let them have a little money occasionally; and that there are many in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning, however, they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society." "That is very well," said the missionary, "but what will you give for missions?" "The oldest answered, 'We have resolved to form a society like grown persons; and each one of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can, without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and we will carry it to the laundress, who has promised to pay a florin for each load. Another child interrupted him, and said, 'And as for the rest of us, we will gather resin, and we will sell it for more than a dollar a pound.' "And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes, and sell them to the

soap maker." Then the girls came; and some of them said, "We will collect loads of wool, and we will sell them." Others said, "We will get some hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens." These little colored children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan, without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all which they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than forty dollars!

And now, you white children, born among Christians, will you suffer these little negroes to put you to shame? I could tell you a great many ways in which you might do something for missions; but think of them yourselves. If you do nothing, will it not appear that you do not love the Savior, or the heathen as well as these poor colored children? Reflect on this, very seriously.

A HEATHEN IDEA OF GOD.

While passing down the Hoogly, in company with Rev. Mr. Pearce, of Calcutta, on my way to the steamer that was to convey me to Madras, Mr. P. pointed me to a place on the opposite side of the river, where he had spent some time in missionary labors.

"One day," said he, "while conversing with a native about the true God, I asked him whom he worshipped. The native answered immediately, 'I worship the English.' On being asked why he was so foolish, he replied, that the English must be gods, and began to give his reasons. 'Look,' said he, 'at that iron bridge,' pointing to one of great dimensions that had just been completed, 'who but gods could make such a thing as that?'"

"Look also at that iron steamboat," fixing his eyes upon one of immense size that lay in the river. "If Hindoos put iron in the water it will sink, but the English make it swim like wood, and cause it to go wherever they please. And then see the smoke that rises out of it, and hear the terrible bellowing that it makes. Surely those that make such things must be gods."

Mr. P. endeavored to explain to him the reasons of the superiority of the English over the Hindoos, resulting from religion, education, &c., and that under similar circumstances the Hindoos would be able to make the same things which they now looked upon as the work of gods.

He could not, however, be persuaded to believe what was told him, and it seemed impossible to lead him to a higher view of God beyond men and things, to God, the Creator of all.

Does the above appear incredible? I am a constant witness of that which is still more astonishing. In every village of moderate size in this part of India, there is what is called a *sacred bull*, which has divine honors paid to it. The bull in Guntoor is of huge dimensions, and frequently passes my door, and has several times taken his stand on a part of my veranda, when it rained, though I have not been slow to beat him away, and thus show to the heathen my contempt of their gods. This bull is a privileged character, throughout the place, among the Hindoos. No one thinks of injuring him in the least; but as he passes along from house to house, he receives the best kind of food that the family can furnish, offerings of flowers and cakes are presented to him, and he is worshipped as a god.

Again, there is a yearly festival among the Telugus, when a kind of worship is performed, which shows in a still more forcible light the ignorance, superstition, and folly of the heathen. On the appointed day of the festival, the farmer worships his ploughs, yokes, iron bars, carts, &c.—the mason worships his trowel—the blacksmith, his hammers—the barber, his razors—the Sepoy his sword or musket—and the Brahmin his books. The object of this worship is to obtain success in the several departments of business in which the agents are employed.

What a commentary is the above upon the sentiment of those who declare that human reason is a sufficient guide for men in their worship of God, without the Holy Scriptures. See where boasted human reason, without the Bible, leads men. Let the Christian who reads these lines inquire, "What is my duty, in reference to the millions who are living in such gross ignorance of the true God, and of salvation through his Son Jesus Christ?"—Luth. Obs.

LONG AFTER HEAVEN.

Long after Heaven!—thy God is present there, unveiled in glory—God thy Father—God thy Savior—and God thee everlasting comfort! Long after heaven!—it is full of holiness. Sin has never sullied it! No manner of evil shall ever pollute it! All of its inhabitants are pure; the angels and the redeemed are without fault before the throne of God!

Long after heaven!—it is the rest that remaineth for the people of God; and it shall remain to them as a rest for ever! There pain and trouble and weariness are never felt! There sin and Satan and sorrow cannot enter! And there peace and prosperity continually abide!

Long after heaven!—it is the paradise of thy perfection in soul and body! There shalt thou reach the manhood of thy being—regain once and for ever the lost likeness of thy Creator—and hear again the voice of the Lord God walking with thee in the tenderness of his amazing love, and the plenitude of his everlasting friendship!

Long after heaven!—it is a glorious home! It is the house of the Lord Jehovah. The created home of thy Eternal Father—and the holy home of the Lord, is the only home of all pure and holy beings. It is the safe and happy home of all angels, and of thy brothers and sisters in the faith! It is the everlasting home of the whole family of the redeemed! There are they all gathered together in safety—there are they all joined together in love—there do they all "dwell" together in unity, and go no more out of "the house of the Lord for ever."—Rev. J. Stevenson.

POWER OF PERSONAL HOLINESS.

Never will the church meet her solemn responsibilities, until her children, bursting asunder the shackles that bind them, and rising out of the slough of earthliness in which they are sunk, come up to that high measure of evangelical sanctification which the voice of scripture and the exigencies of a dying world demand of them. There is a moral omnipotence in holiness. Arguments may be resisted, persuasion and entreaty may be scorned. The thrilling appeals and monitions of the pulpit, set forth with all the vigor of logic, and all the glow of eloquence, may be evaded or disregarded. But the exhibition of exalted piety has a might which nothing can withstand; it is truth embodied; it is the gospel burning in the hearts, beaming from the eyes, breathing from the lips, and preaching in the lives of its votaries. No sophistry can elude it, no conscience can ward it off; no boom wears a mail that can resist the energy of its attack. It speaks in all languages, in all climates, and at all phases of our nature. It is universal—invisible; and clad in immortal panoply, goes on from victory to victory.

Let Zion, through all her departments, but reach this elevated point, and how rapid and triumphant would be her progress! With what overpowering demonstration would her tidings be attended! What numerous and ever-flowing chan-

nels would pour into her treasury the requisite means; and what hosts of her consecrated sons would stand forth, to publish on every shore the mandates of her King! And how richly would the showers of Divine influence be shed down, quickening into life the seed which she scatters, filling the desolate places with verdure and joy, and changing this benighted earth into the garden of the Lord.—Rev. George B. Ide.

THE CROSS.

It has become quite general that what is called the cross is made to consist mostly in making a profession of religion, and in speaking of it in meetings of worship. This is all right, and is what the gospel requires. But that the cross of the Scriptures consists mostly in these things, is not the fact. It is a much greater cross to be strictly a humble, self-denying, strictly honest man, acting in all things, upon gospel principles, without being governed at all by the love of the world, or surrounding multitudes. It is a cross to deny one's self when tempted to oppress, or to get property not by right. It is a greater cross not to conform to the customs of the proud and ambitious,—not to covet what is only designed for show and parade. It is a greater cross to keep the heart, the tongue, and the life in strict conformity to the spirit and language of the Bible. These constitute a daily cross, and a cross too little thought of, and quite too little done at this day. If converts were to see an example of this kind of cross-bearing in older Christians, and were made to feel that this is the only way to live a Christian life, or to retain a standing in the church, we should see a people showing forth the praises of Him who has called them out of darkness into his marvelous light.

PERILS OF PROCRASTINATE.

How are men lured on by "the world, the flesh and the devil," to forget to hazard their immortal souls upon a precipice, but how vast the multitude who are ruined by delay. The author of Thoughts and Counsel to the Independent thus closes the chapter in his book that treats on procrastination:

It seems as though the delaying sinner is calculating, as if certain of it, that he will live for some time to come. Deluded creature! The fumes of the pit, along with the influence of a corrupt heart, have so bewitched his mind, and bedimmed his vision, that he thinks he sees, away off in the future, a convenient season to prepare to die! God says, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Says Christ, "Be ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." But Satan, along with a corrupt heart, says, "Wait a while. There is time enough yet. Give yourself ease. It will be more convenient for you to attend to religion at some other time." And the joint counsel of this evil spirit and of a wicked heart is listened to, and followed by poor sinners, in preference to the kind counsel and command of God. Thus the delaying creature locks arms with the adversary, and walks along carelessly toward death and eternity, and whenever urged or invited, talks about a more convenient season to come, until death stops his mouth, and drives his soul out of its house of clay to seek another dwelling-place! Another dwelling-place? Where? Dying as a sinner, impatient—where? How my heart sickens and bleeds! Oh, how uncertain is life! It is affirmed, that "by the circulation of the blood through the heart and lungs, in which motion is consumed and motion renewed every moment, the question is put about three thousand times every day, and above a hundred thousand times every day and night of our lives, whether we shall stay in this world, or be in heaven or hell to eternity?" Alarming consideration! tremendous thought! O, how soon and how suddenly may eternity burst upon the ungodly—upon yourself, dear reader! The angel of death may even now be reaching forth his fingers to loose life's silver cord, or just ready to grasp the golden bowl, to shiver it to atoms! And, impatient friend, has that convenient season which you were promising yourself yet arrived? If you will not obey Christ's voice, you must at least obey death's summons. The grim monarch of the grave will hold with you no parley. He will not wait till you set your house in order, if, when he comes, you are not ready.

Speak to him about a convenient season; tell him it has not come yet, and ask him to wait; and he will answer you only by planting a dagger in your heart.

Ah, what a solemn season is fast coming on! A dark, portentous cloud is fast gathering over the destinies of the ungodly. The cloud is rapidly becoming heavier and blacker. See you that vivid lightning's flash? Flee, sinner, without a moment's delay; flee to the only shelter from the storm! Do not, by sloth, bring ruin on your head!

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

Many of our married lady readers are not aware how a husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a receipt in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking husbands.—"Mary" says, that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them stewed in their lives. These women always serve up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when well preserved. Mary points out the manner, as follows:

Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness, (which, by the by, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant. Cover him well over with equal quantities of affection, kindness, and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient portion of secrecy; and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation.

A QUEER BOOT JACK.

A late London Magazine, giving an account of the hunting adventures of the late Major Rogers, of the Ceylon Rifles, says that he killed, in the course of his life, "twelve hundred elephants!" Of course, he had met with many singular adventures and hair-bread escapes. One of his adventures is thus related: "He had just had capital sport with a herd of these animals—his four guns had all been discharged—when an unseen elephant made a charge at him, from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred

yards Major Rogers kept ahead, feeling at every step, the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing into the branches; (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion.) One foot higher! and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis.

"Still, Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his legs wrenched from the socket, than fall back bodily in the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued, and the chagrin of his pursuer, the Wellington boot, that the former wore, slipped off, and extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant found himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept him expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the tappal, or country postman happened to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would inevitably have been starved to death in the tree."

ORIGIN OF A PRINCE.

The first prince Menzickoff sold rolls, in his youth, in the streets of Moscow. One day, he entered, by chance, the kitchen of a boyard, or Russian nobleman, with whom Czar Peter the Great was to dine that day. The boyard himself was present, giving his orders, and spoke to the cook about a certain dish, which was known to be Czar's favorite dish. The young Menzickoff saw that when the nobleman, the nobleman threw into it a small white powder. As this awakened his suspicion, he paid particular attention to the dish, so that he might recognize it, and then he went out, and walked up and down before the house, until the arrival of the Czar.

As soon as Menzickoff saw him, he cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing, and approached the Czar to make himself seen. Peter called to him, and asked him some questions, to which he answered so happily, that the prince said to him—I will keep thee in my service. Menzickoff inclined, and accepted with joy. At dinner time, without having received the order, he entered the banquet hall, and placed himself behind the seat of Peter. When the certain dish appeared, he bent down, and whispered to him not to touch of it. Peter got up, and with a smiling countenance, under some pretence, he took the young man into the adjoining apartment, where Menzickoff explained to him his suspicions.

Upon the Czar's return to the table, the boyard offered him again of the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side, and invited him to eat with him. The nobleman immediately changed color, and said that it became not a subject to eat the Emperor's table, and seeing his embarrassment, took the plate and offered it to a dog, that swallowed all its contents. But a few moments after, he began to roar and howl, then staggered and fell, and soon expired. The boyard was secured, but the next morning he was found dead in his bed.

Menzickoff did not have to sell rolls any longer; the first step to his rapid fortune was made, and his descendants are a much esteemed and wealthy family in Russia.—Traveller.

LENGTH OF RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The following is extracted from an article by a sensible writer in the Christian Secretary:—

"Whitefield is reported to have said, that man with the eloquence of an angel, ought not to exceed forty minutes in a sermon; and it is well known that Wesley seldom exceeded thirty. We do not suppose that a man ought to subject himself invariably to a definite time, but we do think that regard ought to be had to this point, lest our good be evil spoken of. I have almost always found the last fifteen minutes of a sermon an hour in length, were worse than lost, both upon the speaker and the congregation. We are now saying a word about prayer. It is admitted that public prayer meetings, in which the members of the church shall participate as the Spirit giveth utterance, are both useful and important; so much so, that a church would regard itself as dead, if it did not maintain meetings of this character. And yet, who has not seen prayer meetings so conducted as to become positively offensive and injurious? It often happens that one or two brethren consume the entire amount of time that ought to be devoted to such a meeting. Prayer is the last thing that should make wearisome and tedious. And yet we have known the patience of a congregation entirely exhausted, and the good influence of a meeting entirely lost, through the impropriety of this kind. It is a poor shift, to say that the people ought not thus to feel, and that if they had religion enough, they would not. It would be nearer the truth to conclude that if we had religion enough, we should not weary them in making long prayers—in using vain repetitions. We have no objections to a man praying long in his closet; but we do earnestly protest against long prayers in public, save when special circumstances justify them, whether in the pulpit or prayer meeting; and we believe it will generally be found true, that long public prayers are preceded by short and hasty secret ones. As a man usually preaches longest when for want of due preparation he has nothing to say, so for the same reason, it is to be feared, many pray long.

For the Herald and Journal.